VOL. XXV.—No. 629. NEW YORK, MARCH 27, 1889. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

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ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

"CASTING HIS ANCHOR TO WINDWARD."

PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is $5.00 per year. $2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months. Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann, Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor, - - - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, March 27th, 1889. — No. 629.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WE SHOULD BE GLAD indeed to believe that B-e-n-j-a-m-i-n H-a-r-r-i-s-o-n was not another way of spelling J-a-m-e-s G. B-l-a-i-n-e. If we can not, as yet, fully accept this belief, circumstances are more to blame than we are. We should be sincerely pleased to know that President Harrison is the "Premier" of his cabinet. We should be happy to learn that he had determined to manage the government according to his own ideas; for, if his ideas are not remarkably novel, they are safe and sound, so far as they go — and so far as he has given them expression. They may not be interesting; but no one will quarrel with them. They are simple, conservative, unobjectionable. Any one who would refuse to accept them would question the statement of the geography-books that "the earth is round, like an orange or a ball." And yet we fear that those simple, wholesome Indianapolis ideas will not supply the guiding light of the new Administration. Perhaps we are wrong — but the light of a pitch-pine knot from the Maine woods seems to play over the path of the eminent gentleman for whose sake Mr. W. W. Dudley sacrificed the faded remnants of his reputation.

* * *

Perhaps we are wrong. We heard a great deal, last Summer, about the triumph of the better element of the Republican party. The "better element" had dictated the choice of Mr. Harrison as the party's nominee for President. His nomination was announced as an evidence of a desire to return to the bright times of "moral ideas." It was a victory over Blaine and Blaine-ism. It was a public notification that the party would no longer permit a man of sullied character to seek the greatest office in the people's gift. The good times had come back. Unblemished character was to be once again a necessary qualification for the man whom his party proposed for the Presidency. And so the bright dawn of reform and repentance lit the political horizon, and the sun of Harrison arose in the heavens. And, as soon as it was well up and beaming brightly in the eyes of all men, all men could see that James G. Blaine was Secretary of State.

* * *

But, said the friends of the Administration, Mr. Blaine might be Secretary of State, and, still, Mr. Harrison might be Premier of his own cabinet. And so he might, indeed, if Mr. Harrison were not Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Blaine were not Mr. Blaine. But, as things are, it looks much as though the Premier of the present cabinet was elected when the Electoral College cast a majority of its votes for Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana. Perhaps, we repeat, we are wrong. But how does it look? If Mr. Blaine was not nominated at Chicago last summer, under the name (by grace of a political fiction,) of Benjamin Harrison, will any friend of the Administration tell us why the Administration carries out the Blaine idea with unfaltering force and directness of purpose?

* * *

We can not say that we expect any friend of the Administration to tell us why. Any loyal friend of the Administration would probably deny our premises, and tell us that the Administration was doing nothing of the sort — that Mr. Blaine was kept in his place and allowed no more authority than became a humble and subservient Secretary of State. "Look," the friend of the Administration would say; "look at the case of Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Every one knows that for years and years he has yearned to be the Minister of the United States at the Court of St. James's. Mr. Blaine has known of his yearning, and Mr. Blaine could not afford to let him yearn unheeded, if he held the power to satisfy him. And yet Mr. Whitelaw Reid is offered the mission to plain Republican France, and another man is to kiss Victoria's hand at the low-necked levee. Does not this prove that President Harrison is mighty in his own council?" It does, if it proves that Mr. Blaine has absolutely taken leave of his brains. But if Mr. Blaine is still in possession of that amount of common sense which teaches him to go indoors during a period of barometrical depression and heavy rainfall, it proves only that Mr. Blaine is aware of the fact that Mr. Whitelaw Reid must be *persona non grata* at the Court of St. James's, and that he could never be accepted there as the representative of the United States or of any other power on earth.

* * *

Mr. Whitelaw Reid is the editor of the *Tribune*, (founded by Horace Greeley,) and, as editor of the *Tribune*, he has for years assailed the government of which Lord Salisbury is the Prime Minister. Desirous, like too many public men in this country, to gain the influence of the "Irish vote," he has lost no opportunity to insult and slander the members of a government in friendly relations with the United States. Moved by the exigencies of partisan warfare, he has gone even further, and has accused Lord Salisbury of entering into a conspiracy with the late President of the United States for purposes which would be base and infamous were they not utterly absurd and ridiculous. To suppose that a man who has used a well-established and world-famous journal after such a fashion would be accepted at the court which he had grossly insulted is simply inconceivable. To suppose that Mr. Blaine supposed any thing of the sort is as much as to say that Mr. Blaine's well-known talent for blundering rises to the height of absolute genius. It will be hard for the friend of the Administration to convince us that Mr. Blaine seriously proposed to Mr. Harrison that Whitelaw Reid should be appointed Minister to England.

* * *

And how about Mr. Levi P. Morton? The same voice that dictated the nomination of Mr. Benjamin Harrison, at Chicago, dictated the nomination of the man who will be President should President Harrison fail to fill out his term of office. Was it by mere accident that a man was chosen who is as the innocent and frolicsome lamb among the astute financiers of the Senate Chamber? Was it chance that set a man almost utterly unversed in such matters to presiding over the debates of the Upper House? "Sometimes," says Gulliver, writing of the days when he sailed, an amusing Lilliputian, in the tank of the Brobdignaggians, "I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer." Could any better description be given of the work expected of a Vice-President nominated and elected to serve the purposes of the statesman who first made clear to this benighted country the importance of "casting an anchor to windward"? We may be wrong, we repeat. But what does B-e-n-j-a-m-i-n H-a-r-r-i-s-o-n spell? Does it spell J-a-m-e-s G. B-l-a-i-n-e? We hope not. But we shall be surprised — and pleased — if it spells Benjamin Harrison.

HIS FIRST APRIL FOOL.

MR. PLYMOUTH ROCKE *(time — 12:30 a. m., April 1st)*. — Sold again, Fanny. I've joined the Individual Protection Club.

THE DOOR BELL.

WE GRUMBLE at our "help;" we rate her both in prose and rhyme;
We cite her faults in public, and each fault becomes a crime;
But when we lose her suddenly, then we begin to know
How wiser far it is to keep her, than to let her go!

When she *is* gone, a clamorous world assails our door bell; then
The canvasser we snubbed last week comes promptly back again;
The postman rings five times that day; the milkman rings, and yells;
The butcher rings; the baker rings; the passing man who sells

Potatos rings; the girl next door rings, with a borrowed shawl;
The lady from across the way rings to return our call;
An old man rings for cast-off clothes; a girl, for bread to eat;
Some children mount the stoop and ring — then scamper down the street.

A boy rings with a telegram; a negro rings to say
He 'll work around the premises for fifty cents a day;
The minister with patience rings, we catch a glimpse and fly —
And 'mid the lone back laundry tubs we just break down and cry!

And so it goes until we think the answering of that bell
Alone should be one woman's work, until we feel that, well —
She had an angel's temper, dawdling Kate, though slow and slack;
And with all her Irish impudence, we wish we had her back.

Madeline S. Bridges.

LENT.

MADGE. — Oh, girls, I 've been simply dying to see you; *do* tell me what you 've given up for Lent! Do you know Papa gave me a hundred dollars the other day, and I simply rushed to Tiffany's to get that lovely bracelet we saw; and then I thought how nice it would be to make a sacrifice, so I bought a bangle that only cost seventy-five, and four perfectly *divine* handkerchiefs with the rest. Oh, I feel so good!

BELLE. — You poor dear martyr! I 'm trying to get along with buying only five pounds of candy a week. Isn't it nice to feel you are doing something to help along?

BLANCHE. — Yes, indeed! Dr. Kant preached such a lovely sermon last Sunday about being more thoughtful and keeping one's mind off worldly things; so every afternoon, except matinée days, I stay quietly at home with the dressmaker.

MAUD. — Girls, if you 'll never breathe it, I 'll tell you something awful — just awful. Kate Goodman does just what she would at any time — goes to the theatre, and all. And do you know she has given up afternoons at the riding club, because she *says* she goes to read to some sick people at St. Matthew's Hospital. Of course, it 's that handsome young doctor.

MADGE. — How shocking! *(Infinitesimal pause.)* Was n't Mrs. Van Peyster's sewing class last night delightful! etc., etc.

W. T. B.

NOT A COMPLETE SEPARATION.

"Johnny," said his mother, "I don't want you to play with that little Brownjones boy any longer, do you hear?"

"Yes 'm," said Johnny.

"Now, don't let me hear of you disobeying me!"

"No 'm," said Johnny, dutifully; "but I may fight him, may n't I, if I want to?"

FOUR QUARTERS will make a hundred wait, especially when handed in by ladies at the "L"-road ticket office.

UNDER THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

SCENE. — *(Country store, post-office in corner; enter* MR. PARTRIDGE, *a Philadelphia drummer).* — Can I show you any thing to-day?

MR. ROBERT WHITE *(postmaster and country store-keeper).* — Naw; don't want nothin' to-day.

PARTRIDGE *(closing sample case).* — All right; but first time I 'm in Washington I 'll see your Boss in regard to your term of office.

WHITE *(in terror).* — Hold on, Mister! I do want twenty pieces calico, some galluses, and fifty pairs ten-cent socks.

PARTRIDGE *(outside, with broad grin).* — That fetches 'em every time. My fortune 's made.

COMPULSORY RELIGION.

MR. TERENCE MALONE *(to his fellow-imported-pauper-laborer).* — Did ye iver see the loikes o' that, Shamus! There 's no passin' a church in Americky. An' they call this a free counthry! Here 's a calico pipe acrost the road ferninst thim that walk, wid a suckin' end fer thim that ride. Shure we 'll have to go in whether we will or no, aven if we 're blowed out the back!"

AT THE PANTOMIME.

THERE IS perhaps no person more annoying than the one at the play who tells a companion, in your hearing, what is going to happen next.

At a pantomime, not a great while ago, a young man who had seen the Ravels, whom he called the "Ravvles," attended a pantomime with an aged individual who had never seen one; and the old man was so enthusiastic that his companion threw off all reserve, and told him just what was going to happen, keeping about five minutes ahead of the performance.

"I 'm right onto that picture," he said; "in a few minutes, the big face will suck in the table-cloth and all on it."

After this event the young man remarked:

"That was done awful nice, but it ain't up to the Ravvles! Just wait a minute," he continued, "and a long candle will come up through the stage, and when a clown tries to pick it up, it will disappear and come up in another place. It 's one of the old Ravvle tricks."

While this bit of horse play was going on, the old man laughed till tears ran down his white beard like so many opals.

"Now they 're going to do another of the Ravvle tricks," said the young man, after a steamboat had wobbled across the stage behind a strip of canvas ocean three feet high and an eighth of an inch thick. Soon another smaller vessel appeared about three feet farther back. This was supposed to be the one which had just passed in the offing. Then it blew up. Then the young man said:

"The clown is now going to make a boat. I saw the Ravvles do it twenty-three years ago. That dovecote will be the hull, the big coffee-pot the boiler and smoke-stack, and the spinning wheel the steering apparatus."

They soon steamed away in this craft, which moved as though it had rheumatism. In the distance it, too, blew up, and a supe waved a huge fish above the rim of canvas horizon, while another excited actor on the stage tripped over the strip of ocean and fell in the water on the other side with a thud that raised clouds of dust.

Then the young man spoke: "In a little while they will bring on a big fish, cut the head off, and out will jump the clown."

While this happened, the old white-haired man was laughing like a school-boy.

The clown then stole three eggs from an old woman, and ate them with great glee.

"Now," said the young man, "in a minute a doctor will ride in and haul a pigeon, a duck, and a hen out of the clown's mouth."

In came the doctor on a camel's back. He reached behind the clown's head, took a pigeon out of a supe's hand, and tossed it into the air. Twice more the doctor did the same thing, except that he produced next a hen and then a duck.

The old man roared with laughter; but the young man was calm, for he had seen the Ravvles do it years before. In a moment he continued: "The clown and pantaloon will turn their backs to that fire, the fire-place will run up the wall and leave an open window in its stead. They will discover the cold and snow-storm, and get into bed. Then two bears will come in and try to eat them up."

Everything happened just as he said. The painted fire-place ran up the wall, leaving an open window, which waved in the draft, sill and all. A note-paper snow-storm was raging; but it only raged a foot wide. On each side of it you could see clear air. Then the bears came in with buffalo skins on. One of the bears had lost a button off the row that kept the skin on. The lost button made quite a fissure in his back, through which you could see the bear's red suspenders and checked shirt. The clown and pantaloon got into bed and covered themselves, and the bears walked over to eat them. But when they leaned over and opened their mouths, you could see they were simply indulging in a pleasant chat.

The young man kept up his explanations all the time; and, when the curtain fell, and he had pronounced the company inferior in every way to the Ravvles, he helped the old man on with his overcoat; and, by the way in which he led him, it was plain that his aged companion was blind.

I can understand a blind man going to the opera; but a blind man going to a pantomime is about as strange as a deaf man attending a piano recital.

R. K. M.

RESTORING HER COMPLEXION.

MRS. CAMYER. — See heah dar, chile, what yo' doin' wif my shoe-dressin'?

LITTLE RAY CAMYER. — I 'se jus' tryin' to cover up my freckle-marks, Mammy.

A HARROWING ACCIDENT.

HOFFMAN HOWES. — Sowwy to see you so knocked to pieces, old fel! Got cold?

ROCKAWAY BEECHE. — Ya-as, a howwid one. Wore me thin dancing pumps at Mrs. de Rigeurs, lahst night, and stepped in a meringue glacé somebody left on the stairs!

IN THE POPULAR VEIN.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL *(with a Madonna-like face)*. — I have the manuscript of a novel which I would like you to look over.

BOOK PUBLISHER *(scanning her refined features)*. — Really, Madam, it is hardly worth while to leave it. We are greatly overstocked. The fact is, that a novel for the present day must have a great deal of — of vigor; that is, it should be full of life, of nature, of — of passion, you know, and I 'm afraid —

BEAUTIFUL GIRL. — Oh, that 's all right. My novel is full of all that. Those chapters were written for me by my brother, and he 's — he 's awfully wicked; indeed he is! Why, he 's been arrested twice!

BOOK PUBLISHER. — Oh! Well, leave it here, and I 'll examine it.

SPRING MUSINGS.

CASHLY *(meeting his friend at the* TAILOR'S *window)*. — Ah, Jack! Thinking of a new spring suit?

SLATER *(gloomily)*. — No; wondering how I can ever pay for my winter one!

THERE IS a line beyond which the *décollête* dress ought not to go — the tow line.

LOVELY WOMAN.

FAIR CHLOE posed before the glass
To don her tiny bonnet.
She deftly set it right, and spent
Most lavish care upon it.

The silken strings she crossed beneath
Her little rounded chin,
Then skillfully she made a loop—
Tied all its dimples in.

A picture, wondrous fair and sweet,
With not a blemish to it!
And, as Miss Chloe lingered there,
I wondered if she knew it.

But still before the glass she seemed
To hesitate a minute,
Then quickly threw a kiss unto
The dainty image in it.

W. Bee.

NO PAUPERS THERE.

MISS COLUMBIA *(reading)*.—"The Princess recently visited a small town where the inhabitants were so delighted that, to do her the highest honor possible, they elected her a member of the Chamber of Deputies, an honor she was obliged to decline. In recognition of this favor she sent quite a sum of money for the poor, but the Mayor was obliged to decline the gift, as they had not a pauper in the place." What do you think of that, Uncle? That town is in Europe. Why were there no paupers there?

UNCLE SAM.—Most likely they 'd all come over to my farm.

FUN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

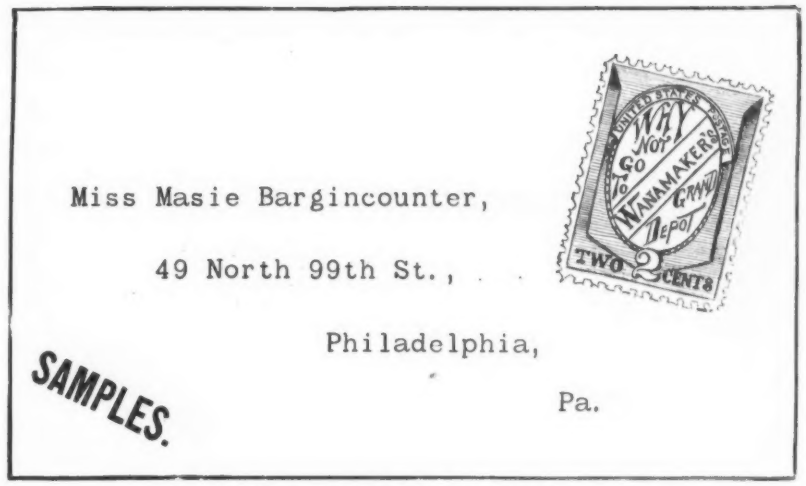
NURSE.—Mercy, children; what are you doing?

MARTHENA.—Oh, we 're having a game of Administration, that 's all.

NURSE.—But what are you sitting on your little cousin for, and bumping his head against the floor?

MARTHENA.—Why, he 's playing President, and I 'm Secretary of State.

THE TRULY CORRECT will soon be obliged to call our pleasure spot truncated-Coney Island, if the waves do not cease their buffetings.



THE LATEST FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Design Proposed for New Stamps.

COMFORT *vs.* SPEED.

HENRY JORALEMON *(on downtown "L" train)*.—Good evening, Morris. Going to Brooklyn?

MORRIS PARKE.—No; to Harlem *via* South Ferry. I want a chance to get a seat!

THE SO-CALLED cast of features would not unfrequently appear to be a very wild throw.

FROM THE DESCRIPTIONS we read of the system of executing criminals by electricity, we are inclined to think that the scheme is all right—only, in the interest of humanity, the subject ought to be hanged first.

ELECTRIC SUGAR—Money by Telegraph.

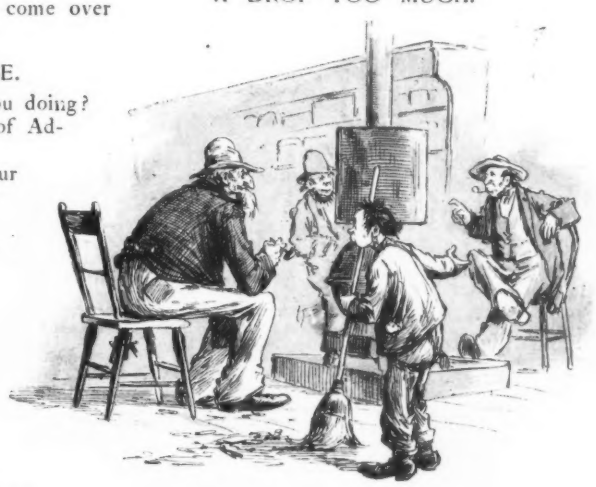
THE CREATION of the monkey shows that Nature, in spite of earthquakes, coal, glaciers, and other evidences of a serious disposition, is not wholly without the sense of humor.

NO MAN is a hero to his valet. The latter gentleman assumes that character.

ORGANIZED CHARITY uncovers a multitude of sins.

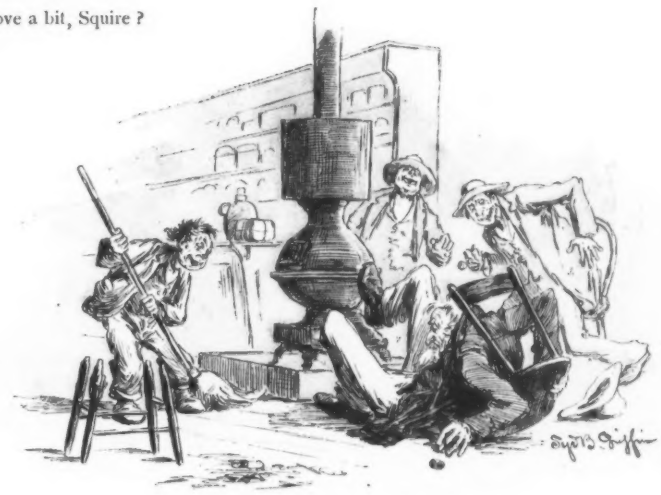
IF YOUR LAUGH is loud, it is low. But if it is low, it is n't loud. The English language is a fine structure, but when we have to talk straight logic, we generally use Greek, ourselves.

A DROP TOO MUCH.



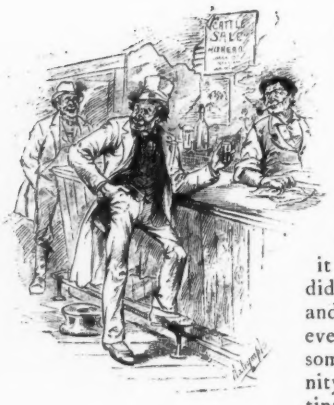
TOMMY.—Kin ye move a bit, Squire? I want to sweep there.

SQUIRE HARDCIDER *(as he moves a bit)*.—I tell yiou what it is, boys; unless them fellers up thar in Albany mind their P's and Q's, it won't be long before they hear—



—somethin' drop.

THE MAGNANIMOSITY OF MAN.



"No, sir. When it really comes down to a man bein' boss in his own household," said the man who never went home, setting down his empty glass with a reluctant glance that suggested better things in the near future, "he ain't there. No sech masculine male hev ever yet appeared in this world; and I tell you he ain't goin' to appear; and I 'll explain the reason. I hold that it were never meant to be so. If it had, it would 'a' commenced with Adam; 'n' when it did n't, the point is settled. History repeats itself, and it 's be'n repeatin' itself in that pertickelar ever since Adam. Are it likely to switch off onto somethin' new at this late day? Woman's tyrannity hev continued, is continuing, and will continue to continue."

"Mought n't there be *exceptions?*" asked the man who came in once in three weeks, braving the oracle with courage born of inexperience.

"There mought be, but there ain't!" was the stern rejoinder. "No, sir. The nearest a man ever got to rulin' his wife was to THINK he did; and that 's the nearest he 'll ever get to it."

The man who was n't married, but was keeping steady company, whistled thoughtfully

"Yes, and Nature hev fixed it so," pursued the sage firmly, "that the smaller the woman, the more slenderer and fraygile, the more a man 's got to look to himself. You know whether that 's so, Hyke!"

The bartender glanced up a moment, as if startled by some personal allusion, then smiled with one side of his mouth, after the fashion of bartenders, and instantly rubbed down the counter.

"We 're standing here, now, boys," the voice of wisdom continued, "in full health and strength, all of us, an' able to tackle any thing our size, or bigger, bigger! Do any of us feel ezactly safe? Not much we don't.

"But there 's one thing, gentlemen," the orator went on, reflectively, "that I think hev been overlooked with regards to this subject. We give woman credit for rulin' man; but I hold the bigger credit are due to man that sech be the fact. It seems to me the only point in which man are superior to woman. You kin look at him, 'n' see he were born to command; but the magnanimosity of his nature is sech—"

The man who came in once in three weeks here made a desperate rush forward, and dived wildly under the bar; the man who was keeping steady company lounged carelessly yet with determination to the door, and was promptly lost to sight; while the man who never went home plunged into silence — oblivion — and last week's newspaper.

A feminine voice had been heard to ask, in slightly sarcastic accents, from the side-door:

"Have you seen any thing of my husband this evening, Mr. Hyke?"

Madeline S. Bridges.

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART.

JOHNNY THREADS (*coming in from outdoors*).— He 's gone, Syl!

MISS SYLVA THREADS (*toying with the piano keys*).—What do you mean?

JOHNNY THREADS.— I mean that your beau just came up to the steps and looked at you a minute through the window, and then went right away.

MISS SYLVA THREADS.—That is very strange; did he say any thing?

JOHNNY THREADS.—Yes; he said, "Heavens! Gum!"

FRANK ADVERTISING.

A Chicago crockery warehouse urges the public to

"BUY QUICK. PRICES ARE LOW AND GOODS WON'T LAST LONG!"

but omits to state whether this is owing to the poor quality of the goods, or of Chicago servants.

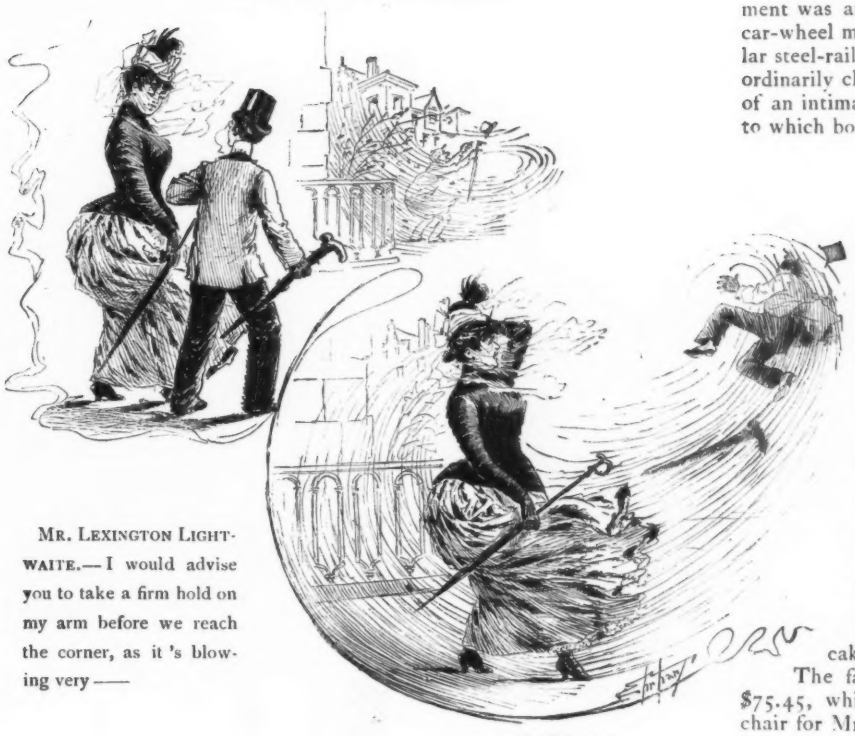
"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE" does not go in the Adirondacks. After awhile there will be nothing left up there to cut down but the hotel clerks' salaries.

CUT RATES.

This is MR. COHN (proprietor of the Cohn Art Gallery, Baxter Street), who has just purchased a "Scene on the Shore of Mirror Lake."

This is the Cohn Art Gallery, with the same picture on exhibition.

SHE DID N'T TAKE.



MR. LEXINGTON LIGHTWAITE.— I would advise you to take a firm hold on my arm before we reach the corner, as it 's blowing very ——

— HARD!!!

aristocratic branches of manufacture. During the evening the engagement was announced of Miss Daisy Chill, the daughter of the eminent car-wheel manufacturer, to Mr. George Fishplate, one of the most popular steel-rail men in town. The marriage, which will unite by more than ordinarily close ties two leading branches of the iron trade, is the result of an intimacy formed last winter in the exclusive Car-Coupler Coterie, to which both the young people belong.

FESTIVE HOURS IN BEANVILLE.

The ladies of the M. E. Church held their annual fair and grab-bag social in the basement of the church last Wednesday evening, and it is scarcely needless to say that the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part in it. Miss Samantha Duzenbury, as "Rebecca at the Well," was the centre of an admiring throng of young men, to whom she dispensed her smiles and lemonade with charming impartiality. The oyster-stew counter, presided over by Mrs. Elisha Elderkin, was a great success, no less than ten cans of the succulent bivalve being disposed of. Deacon Peleg Tew, the popular superintendent of the Sunday-school, was on hand, and did everything in his power to make the evening pass off pleasantly. One of the ladies noticed a far-away look in the Deacon's eye, and asked him if he was n't tired of living all alone in his new house on Bricktop Hill. How is that, Peleg? The embroidered bookmark, awarded by vote to the most popular gentleman in town, was won by the Rev. Mr. Sponge, the pastor of the church. Ann Eliza Larrabee drew the mammoth frosted cake, for which one hundred shares were sold at ten cents each. The fair was a great financial success, the amount netted being $75.45, which will be used for the purchase of a new desk and easy chair for Mr. Sponge's study.

J. L. Ford.

SOCIAL ECHOES.

WHAT BOSTON'S FOUR HUNDRED ARE DOING.

ONE OF THE most brilliant social events of the season was the reception given yesterday evening by Mrs. Jabe Scuttleworth, of Beacon Hill, in honor of Signor Fluto, the eminent pianist. Mrs. Scuttleworth's handsome drawing-rooms were filled with a representative Boston gathering, including not only the *élite* of society, but also many of the most charming literary, artistic and musical people in town. Among the guests were the Mr. and Mrs. Peleg Butternut, (Mrs. Butternut is a lineal descendant of Captain Jedediah Skinflint, who sent the first ship load of missionaries out of Boston Harbor;) Herr Turnverein, who reads Browning in the guttural; Rev. A. Apworthy Pancoast, the popular young divine; Miss Rosa Lind, the emotional actress; Mr. and Mrs. Endicott Backbay, *née* Longwharf; Count Ivan Fiddlerofsky, the talented violinist, who favored the company with his justly famous Monogramme in F sharp; and many others of equal prominence in the social world. The cracked walnuts, which formed the *pièce de resistance* of the supper, were served with the celebrated Acme Nut Pick, manufactured by Mr. Scuttleworth at his extensive works in South Boston.

UPPER-CRUST NOTES FROM NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

The best leather and harness circles of society have been on the *qui vive* for the past two weeks, in anticipation of Mrs. Sidesaddle's ball, which took place last night, and proved to be an occasion of exceptional brilliancy. Mrs. Sidesaddle's parlors were filled with the *élite* of the trade; and it is safe to say that all the "first hands" in leather were represented, beside a large number of fashionable pig-iron, thread and beer families. As an evidence of a fact that has often been recorded in this column, namely, that Newark society is growing more and more exclusive each year, it may be mentioned that Mrs. Sidesaddle has cut off from her visiting list nearly all the saddlery hardware, stirrup, whip and other auxiliary trades families, who have managed, somehow, to gain admission to the exalted circle in which she has long been a recognized leader. Old *habitués* of Newark society commented on this change with evident pleasure, and remarked on the contrast between Mrs. Sidesaddle's *recherché salon* and the last Assembly ball, when the floor was taken possession of by a mob of celluloid, suspender, tooth-brush and hook-and-eye people, to the exclusion of the guests who represented more

CONEY ISLAND is a damp resort. It is under water in the winter and under beer in the summer.

THE PARK COMMISSIONERS have put up signs to prevent the Wearing of the Green. They read: "Keep Off the Grass!"

A CHESTNUT, IN the mouth of a much-advertised man, becomes a "striking simile."

A COMFORTING SUGGESTION.

MRS. FINNEGAN *(starting up as* TIM *comes home a little shaky)*. — Ph'at 's all the n'ise below? Did I hear some wan shout "Foire?"

MR. FINNEGAN.— B'gorrah, ye did; but be aisy. The foire 'sh in Widdy M'lone's tinimint, an the first flure, an' there 's sixsh flures bechune it an' us!

GULLIVER MORTON AMONG THE

NG THE SENATORIAL BROBDIGNAGGIANS.

"IL TROVATORE," IN GERMAN.

Showing that Language Can Not Conceal.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Central Park.* (*Enter* LEONORA, *a distressed soprano, in a two-thousand-dollar satin ball dress.*)

LEONORA.—Ach, mein herz ist broke! (*Exit.*)

(*Enter* IL CONTE DI LUNA, *a love-sick baritone, wrapped in a table cloth.*)

LUNA.—Ich bin nicht geliebt! Ach!

MANRICO (*sings without*).—Ich habe $15.00 in mein inside bocket, la-de-dah! Ach!

LUNA.—Der troubadour? Py chimineddy! Dot gal is mit ihm! Ach!

(*Enter* MANRICO, *tenor in tin armor, and* LEONORA.)

LUNA.—Ich have das stuffing aus you geknockt! Ach!

MANRICO.—Ach! Ratten!

(*They fight.*)

LEONORA.—Ach!

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Camp of Gypsies near Hoboken.*

ANVILS.—Ping-pang! Ping-pang!

AZUCENA (*aged Gyp. Supposed mother of* MANRICO).—

Ich bin Little Buttercup,
Schön little Buttercup;
Ich mixed those knaben up,
Und nicht ein creature knew it.

MANRICO (*astounded*).—Ach!

(*Enter* MESSENGER.)

MESSENGER.—Manrico! Dere vas ein scrap! Kommen sie und fight!

MANRICO.—Ich gehe! (*Exit.*)

AZUCENA.—Ach! (*Faints.*)

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Before a church in Brooklyn.*

(*Enter* IL CONTE *and his gang.*)

LUNA.—Ja wohl! Hier will ich catch her!

(*He hides behind a tree.* LEONORA *enters, and starts for the church.*)

LEONORA.—Ach! Ich bin gewesen sein!

LUNA (*rushing forward*).—So bin ich!

(MANRICO *rushes in.*)

MANRICO.—Ich bin ganz wohl gewesen sein!

(*Knocks at* LUNA *with his left hand, and rescues* LEONORA *from the gang with his right.*)

MANRICO. } LEONORA. } *together.* } —Wir sind zwei gänseblumen!

LUNA.—Ach!

ACT IV.

(*Parlor in a Staten Island boarding-house. Enter* MANRICO *and* LEONORA.)

MANRICO.—Ich liebe dich!

LEONORA.—Ach! Entzückung!

(*Enter* MESSENGER.)

MESSENGER.—Manrico, Il Conte di Luna hat your mutter caught, und er will her burn!

MANRICO.—Ach! Vait a minute dill I sings mein high C, und I comes to zave her.

(*Sings high C, and is called out five times. In the meantime, his mother is partly burned up; and when* MANRICO *goes out,* LUNA *catches him and puts him and his* MOTHER *in jail.*)

ACT V.

(*State's prison.* MANRICO *and* AZUCENA *inside;* LEONORA *outside.*)

LEONORA (*without*).—Ach!

MANRICO. } AZUCENA. } *without.* } —Ganz ach!

(LUNA *enters.*)

LUNA.—Now vill you mir marry?

LEONORA.—Nein! Ich vill die!

ALL HANDS.—Ach!

(*They all gradually die off.*)

AUDIENCE.—Ach! (*Exeunt.*)

Tricotrin.

A NEW SPECIES.

FARMER WRYNECKER.—Well, by ginger! I 've been tew Barnum's Circus and tew Mt. Vernon; but I 'll be hanged if I ever saw a monkey as big as that one!

WANTED THE USUAL ACCOMMODATION.

JOHN WANAMAKER.—Well, Mr. Rosenberg, what can I do for you?

ISAAC ROSENBERG.—Vell, Meester Vannymaker, I don'd vant no office; but I vood gonsider my bolidical eenfluence revarded ouf you cood led me hafe von dousand tollars vort of dwo und dree cend sdamps at ten off, t'irty days!

THE SEASON'S GREETING.

She would not be my Christmas gift, nor yet
my Valentine;
But, with a manner quite composed
and cool,
Remarked: "Since to my service you
persistently incline,
Suppose you come and be my April
Fool."

Emma Carleton.

MARCH.

ACROSS THE VALE it fiercely blows
Its trumpet sharp and shrill,
To wake the lily and the rose
Beside the meadow rill.

It makes the grasses twinkle gay,
It rocks the sycamore,
To make the swallow and the jay
About the heavens soar.

The wood it tosses like a sea,
The pond it madly plows,
To make the blossoms flutter free
Upon the orchard boughs.

It shrieks and whistles in its flight,
Whose bluster seldom stops,
To bring my airy purple kite
And yellow box-wood tops.

[After R. L. S.]

R. K. M.

EVEN THE TIGER is not without affection. He is very much attached to his paw and maw.

ROMANCE *vs.* COLD BUSINESS.

MANAGING EDITOR (*at the Banquet, replying to toast of "The Press." Extracts from his remarks*).—That noble engine of civilization, whose mighty throbs pulsate in unison with the onward march of enlightened progress — the guide, the educator of the masses — whose vast responsibilities, etc., etc., etc.

THE LOST ART OF WALKING.

Fifteen minutes in the cold
At the station will a man sit;
By the train ten blocks he 's rolled—
And he calls it rapid transit.

A QUIET AFTERNOON.

FOND MAMA (*who knows him at home*). —Frankie, I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon.

FRANKIE.—Yes, indeed, Mama! I went to sleep in my seat right after recess, and the teacher said she would keep in the first boy or girl that waked me up.

WANTED—Immediately, the Earth. References. Address, J. G. B., Washington, D. C.

TWO CAUSES OF CLOSED MILLS.

MILL OWNER.—We are running behind fast, and as there is no prospect of a reduction of the tariff on raw materials, we will have to reduce wages.

SUPERINTENDENT.—That won't do. If we offer a reduction, there will be a big strike, and then we 'll have to hire Pinkertons to protect our property. That will provoke rioting, and half a dozen or more may get killed.

MILL OWNER.—Well, I don't want any bloodshed. I 'll simply close the mills for repairs.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Why do not the papers come out and say that Victoria is Queen of England?

Because every one knows it.

Why do not the papers say that twice two are four?

Because that fact is already well known.

Can you tell us why the press refrains from stating that Rhode Island is smaller than Texas?

Certainly we can tell you. Every one is informed on that point.

Now, then, why have the papers been printing the names of a certain four hundred people as being ladies and gentlemen?

Can it be because they think it is a matter of news to the public, and, unless they were printed down as such, no one would ever know it?

A SAD DEFICIENCY.

"Talk about the luxury of the White House!" remarked Russell, scornfully, the other day: "why, there 's a bath-room there, and lots of towels; but, do you know? there is n't a wash-rag in the whole place!"

A PARTING WORD — Divorce.

CAST A-DRIFT — The Snow.

A PHILADELPHIA TREAT — Scrappel.

HARD WATER — Ice.

A BAD SCRAPE — A Country Shave.

MANAGING EDITOR (*in the sanctum*). —Get up a column and a half about that dog fight to-night, send a man to interview Sullivan about his last spree, and if that article on the "Dandy Barkeepers of New York" is n't ready by three o'clock there 'll be trouble up there, and don't you forget it!

THE LOST ATLANTIS.

For many centuries there has been a tradition of a long-lost island called Atlantis.

The Greek geographers located it in the Atlantic Ocean, west of the northwest part of Africa and the Pillars of Hercules. The sea-kings of Atlantis are said to have invaded Europe and Africa, and to have been defeated by the Athenians.

All the legends agree that it was a vast island, of inexhaustible resources, and inhabited by a race of superior people. For ages this island has existed only in legendary lore. But now, when the light of modern research is turned full upon the investigation, behold the lost Atlantis at our very doors.

So the bigoted medical fraternity goes groping about in the dark. If they would investigate, they would behold the lost Atlantis at their very door. They experiment and dose with their injurious drugs, and with no person or laws to hold them accountable, they continue their bigoted, unjustified practice, staring into vacancy, imagining that they see in themselves an Esculapius.

Wrapped in ancient bigotry, they denounce any new idea advanced by a layman or an opposition school as a fraud.

Why?

Because humanity will not be benefited? Not at all; but because their special ism did not make the discovery.

Yet they concede that there is no remedy known to their materia medica that will cure an advanced kidney malady and the diseases arising therefrom — although many of them know from crowning proof that Warner's Safe Cure will — but unscrupulously treat symptoms and call them a disease, when in reality they know they are but symptoms.

A few of the more honest physicians admit that Warner's Safe Cure is a valuable remedy, and a great blessing to mankind, but say, in so many words, when asked why they do not prescribe it, that they can not, according to their code.

The late eminent physician and writer, Dr. J. G. Holland, published in *Scribner's Monthly*, and showed his opinion of such bigotry, and no doubt was satisfied that Atlantis might possibly be discovered in a proprietary medicine, when he wrote, editorially, as follows:

"Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day were more successful than many of the physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue, and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them."

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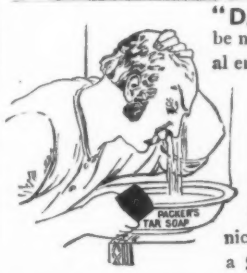

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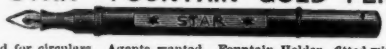

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IN THE DIM PAST.

MOTHER.—Yes, Bobby, God made you. I 'm surprised that you should have forgotten that.

BOBBY.—Well, it happened a good while ago, Ma. Seven years is a long time for a boy to remember any thing.—*Epoch.*

ARIZONA boasts of a woman who "can drive a nail with a bullet at forty yards." When Arizona can produce a woman able to drive a nail with a hammer at a distance of one foot, without wounding her fingers, it will have a curiosity worth boasting about.—*Norristown Herald.*

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HENRY-WARD-BEECHER'S OPINION OF PEARS' SOAP.

Henry Ward Beecher

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THAT WAS NOT HIS PROFESSION.

MR. VAN STINE.—Your friend who has just left us seems quite a pessimist, Miss Jones.

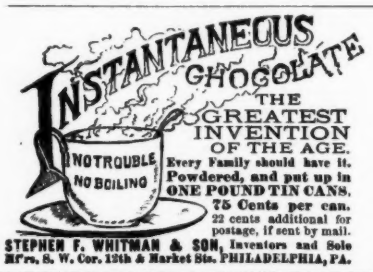
MISS JONES.—Oh, no! Mr. Wabash is an oculist, and they do say one of the finest in the city.—*Harper's Bazar.*

AN APPROPRIATE COLOR.

"He is a scalawag, and he knows it. Why, when I showed him I saw through him, he got as red as a — a —"

"A beat?"

"Precisely."—*Harper's Bazar.*



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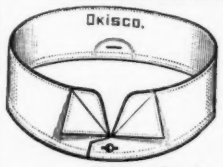

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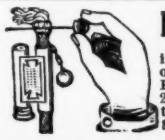

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IN THE WRONG OFFICE.

PEDDLER.—My dear sir, do you know how much time you lose dipping a pen into the ink? Ten dips a minute means six hundred dips an hour, or six thousand dips in ten hours, and each dip consumes—

BUSINESS MAN.—Yes, I know; I have figured it all out.

PEDDLER.—And yet I find you still writing in the old way.

BUSINESS MAN.—Yes, I am using the fountain pen you sold me about a month ago—using it in the old way because it won't write any other way.

PEDDLER.—Beg pardon; I 'm in the wrong office. Good day.—*New York Weekly.*

HE WAS HUMBLE.

"I am humble," said the preacher; "any thing is good enough for me."

"I believe you," replied his listener; "I have heard your sermons."—*Epoch.*

SUFFERERS FROM WEAK SPINE.

Persons suffering from weak back will take comfort in reading the following letter from Mr. A. W. Barrett, of Oswego, N. Y.:

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IN speaking of a rainy day down in Kentucky they call it "bad weather." Any thing is bad down there that has water in it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SOMETHING BEYOND THE JEWELER'S ART.—The setting of the sun.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

WHO climbs too high goes to fall. The great danger of letting that hacking cough run into that dread malady, consumption, should be at once met by using

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MRS. LOVITT.—Well, Tommie and Susie are better, but Puggie is still a very sick dog.—*Epoch.*

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I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.—B. F. Liepsner, A. M., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Phila.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

MISS DE PLAIN.—Doctor, what is the secret of beauty?

FAMILY PHYSICIAN *(confidentially).*—Be born pretty.—*New York Weekly.*

A WESTERN circus man calls his lion Aurora, because — well, because he is one.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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THE parasols this year will have sticks forty-five inches long, eleven inches longer than last year. Sticks for lemonades will remain as heretofore.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Two men were seen to give up their seats to ladies in a horse car. They were keeping Lent, you know, and had to give up something.—*Ex.*

TO BUILD UP HIS SYSTEM.

DR. SCHMERZ.—The trouble, Mr. Tyers, is, that you don't take enough exercise.

MR. E. Z. TYERS.—Aw—I confess I don't go in vewy heavy on athletics, Doctaw. What could you wecommend as a mild exercise to begin on?

DR. SCHMERZ.—H'm! You might stretch your arms over your head when you yawn!

ONLY ONE FEAR.

OLD LADY.—What 's the matter, little boy?

STREET URCHIN *(whimpering)*.—'Fraid.

OLD LADY.—Afraid? Well, I do declare! I did n't know you street gamins were ever afraid of any thing, seen or unseen, in this world or the next.

STREET URCHIN.—Y-e-s, we 're 'fraid of—of each other.—*New York Weekly.*

CONSOLATION.

When Molly came home from the party to-night—
The party was out at nine—
There were traces of tears in her bright blue eyes
That looked mournfully up to mine.

For some one had said, she whispered to me,
With her face on my shoulder hid,
Some one had said (there were sobs in her voice)
That they did n't like something she did.

So I took my little girl up on my knee—
I am old and exceedingly wise—
And I said: "My dear, now listen to mé;
Just listen, and dry your eyes.

"This world is a difficult world, indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with the flute.

"And I myself have often thought,
How very much better 't would be
If every one of the folks that I know
Would only agree with me.

"But since they will not, the very best way
To make this world look bright
Is, never to mind what people say
But to do what you think is right."

Walter Learned, in St. Nicholas for March.

WM. ROBERTSON, M. D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, and Professor of Medicine in Owens's College, says: "Deep sleep, nervous or rapidly-failing eye-sight, dropsy of the lung, or a violent inflammation, any one of them, is a symptom of kidney trouble." Warner's Safe Cure is the only reliable and guaranteed remedy for kidney disorders.

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"ALAS!" cried the oyster,
With low dismal whoop.
"Oh, how did I ever
Get into the soup?"—*Exchange.*

A NEW drink called "earthquake cider" has been introduced. An old toper who swallowed four fingers of it as a tester, says it is "no great shakes."—*Norristown Herald.*

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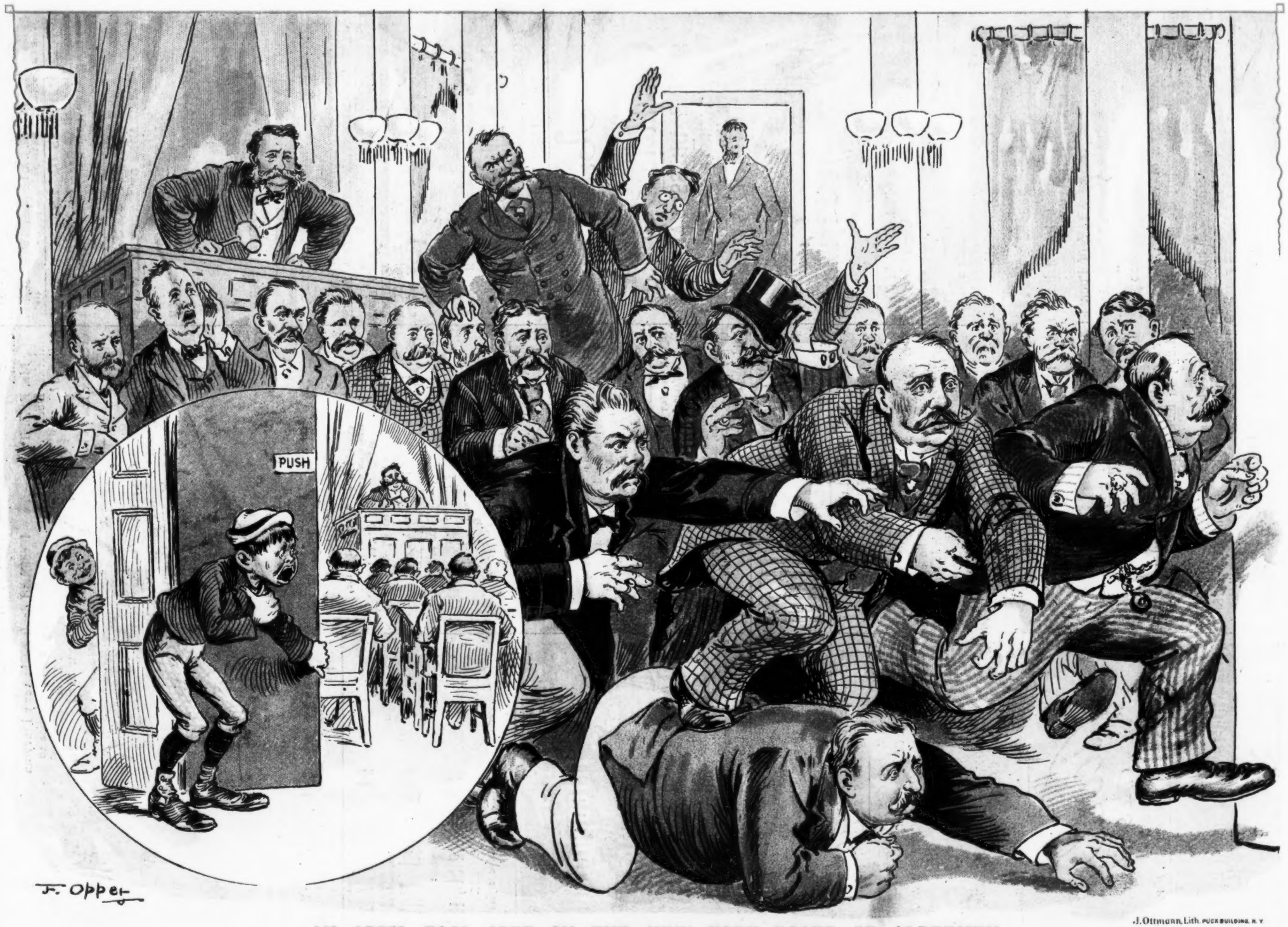

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